

Title: Stories

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STORIES TO MAKE CHILDREN SLEEP

Jelly was a lad who was
so hard to please,
nothing would he eat,
except for plates full of
cheese!

His obsession was strange
and no one knew why.
He swore cheese was his
meal till the day that he
died.

His father, a strong man
who was hearty and pink,
was at his wits end, and
driven to drink.

He would stay at the
tavern, and tell of his
woe,
on cheap tankards of
grog his money he'd blow.
'My son, a good lad,
though a little bit chunky,
has turned into a
ravenous limburger junky!'
'All my land and my house
and the coins in my
purse,

I will give to the man
who can remove this foul
curse!'

The old man's plea went
out and was told near
and far,
it was whispered by
gossips, and made light of
in the bar.

But one day into town
strolled a strange little
fellow,
his robes were all
tattered, and his skin a
sickly yellow.

'I can cure your boy!' he
told the ripe drunken sod,
'I will make him good as
new, this lad you call

Todd.'

The father cried, 'His
names not Todd! It's
Jelly, you snot!
But go on and give it a
try... Give it your best
shot.'

But before he started,
the mage asked for first,
for a small taste of
grog, to quell a quick
thirst.

After slamming four
tankards he got back to
work,
though his eyes did spin,
and his hands did jerk.
With the boy before him,
the mage reared back,
while clutching his
reagents in a small toad
sack.

He sent out flames of
red, green and blue
that engulfed the boy,
hiding him from all's view.

When the flames died

away, as well as the
stench,

To the father's red eyes,
his boy-Was a wench!

'Oh no!' he cried, and he
cursed this new fate,
'My hard working boy now
looks like dungeon bait!'

'How could you do this,
you dottering old fool!

Did you sleep every day
while in wizardry school?'

With the excitement now
over, the father settled
down,

upon the nearest table,
his head he did pound.

Suddenly, a dark robed
figure entered into the
grog joint,
and at the old mage a
withered finger he did
point.

Then with a flash of
yellow, the mage
disappeared,

Everyone dove for cover,
for spellcasters they now
feared.

With an incantation
shouted by the figure in

black
the young boy named
Jelly quickly transmuted
back.

As he left the place
everyone heard the words
of the monk,
'Never let a bad spell
caster cast spells,
especially drunk!'
To this very day the
young boy they call Jelly,
continues to stuff away
cheese in his portly pot
belly.

But his father is
content, and he will
always smile,
'This beats worrying about
a daughter by a country
mile.'

'Tis not that I don't
want a girl,' claims the
tired old father,
'But when a boy is young,
he is less of a bother.'
'A young boy you must
check up on every time
and again,
'But! With a young girl,
you must watch all the
young men...'